

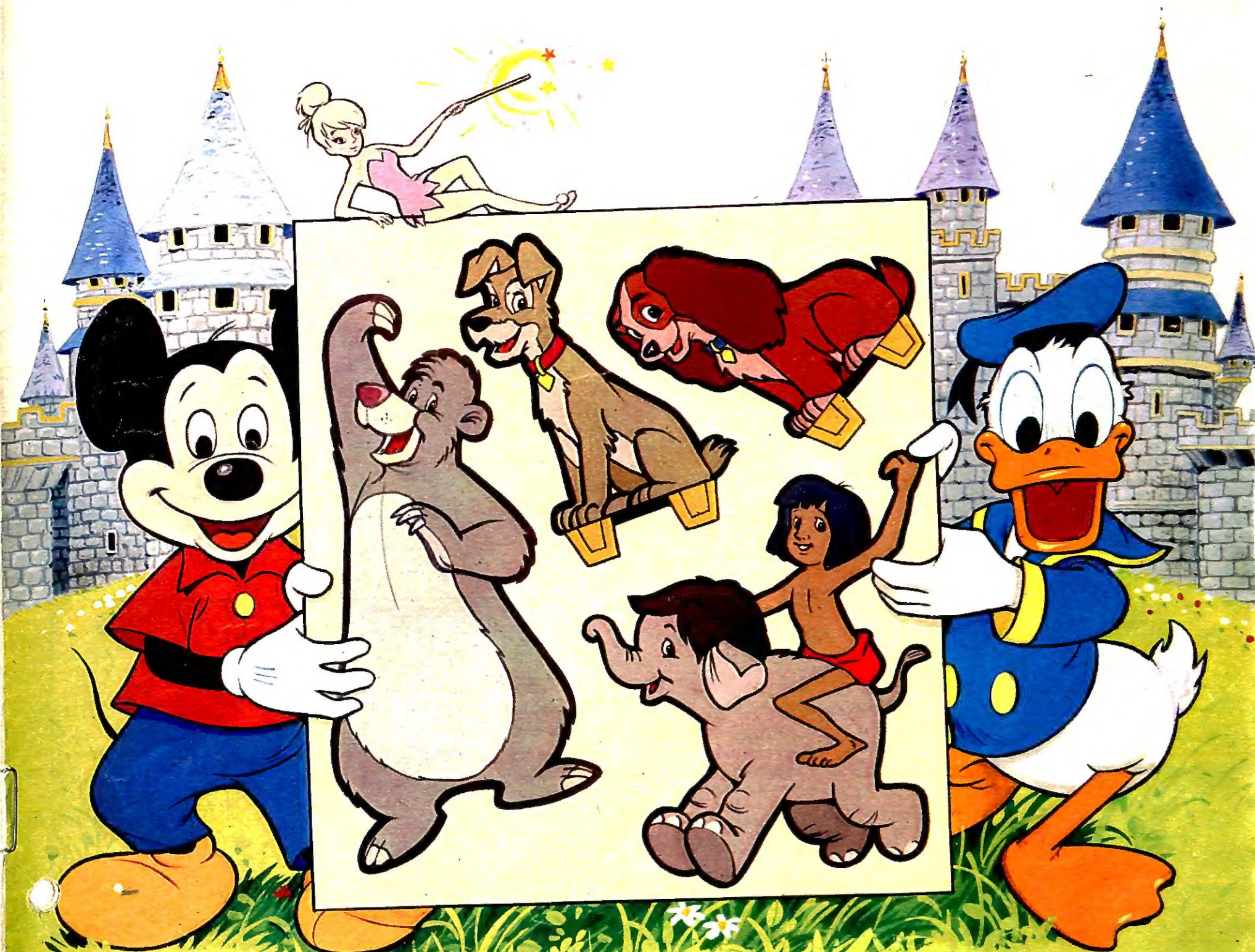
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# the **Wonderful** **World** of **Disney**



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One Saturday evening the sun was setting over the cotton plantation when the little boy ran down the path that led to the comfy cabin where Uncle Remus lived all alone. "Please tell me another story of that rascal Brer Rabbit," pleaded the boy. Uncle Remus, who was seated outside his cabin, chuckled. "Jest settle yourself in that rocking-chair o' mine, young feller, and I'll tell you all about the time Brer Rabbit laid in his winter stores," he said.

# WAY DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH



1. Now one time the winter set in very early; and Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Bear and all the other animals who live way down yonder in Briar Patch couldn't find anything like enough to eat. Brer Bear was as thin as a rake, Brer Fox as fat as a broom handle and I'll Brer Rabbit nothing more than a bag o' bones.

One cold and frosty morning Brer Rabbit met up with old man Fox and they began to talk. "Bad times, Brer Rabbit, bad times," sighed Brer Fox dolefully. "They sure are for me," replied Brer Rabbit, "but you ain't got much to grumble at. You have a horse and cart while I've only a rickety wheelbarrow."

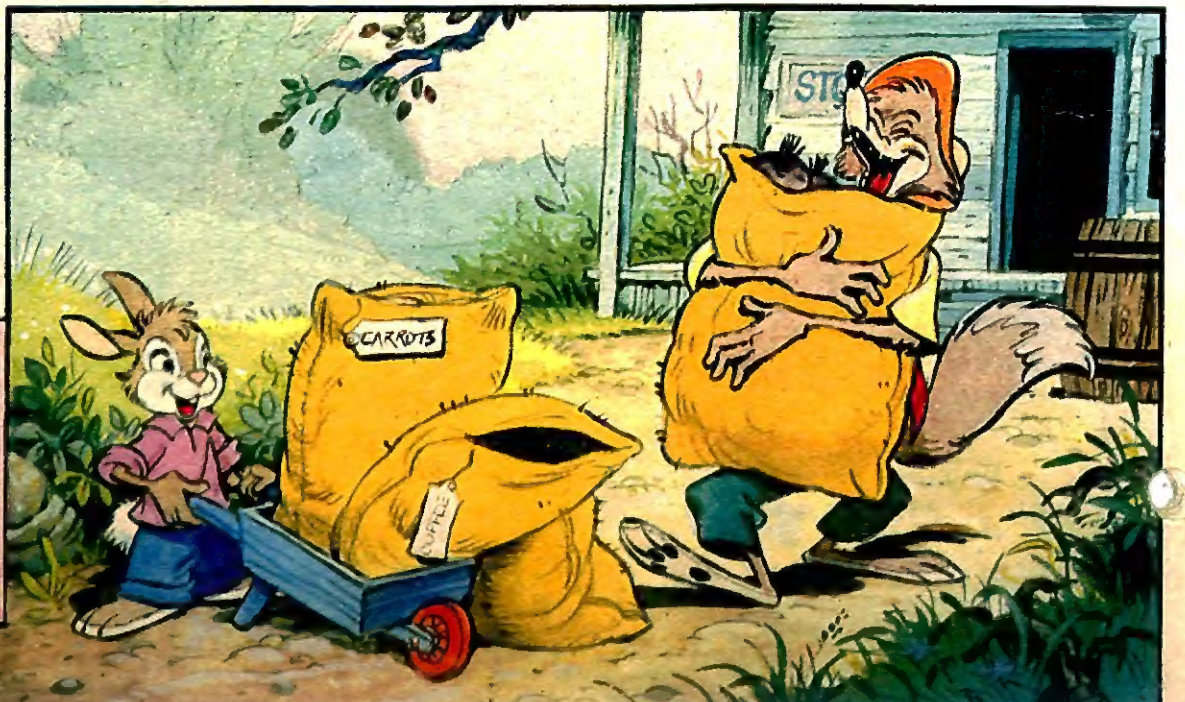
2. "What's the use of a horse and cart?" said Brer Fox. "Eh, Brer Rabbit? What's the use of a horse and cart when you have nothing to carry? Time was when I'd go to market and fill my cart with food. Now I've no money to buy any food, the horse is taking it easy in the meadow and the cart is lying idle in the barn."

Brer Rabbit sat down on a log and shivered because it was such a cold day. "You just ain't got no brains, Brer Fox," said he. "Why don't you sell your horse and cart and buy food with the money? Brer Fox thought that over carefully—very carefully. He knew he had to be extra careful when Brer Rabbit made a suggestion.

3. After a while Brer Fox thought the idea was a good one. After another think he decided it wasn't so good. "If I go to town and sell my horse and cart to buy food, how do I get the food home?" he asked. Brer Rabbit shivered, then he said: "Well, Brer Fox, I'll loan you my wheelbarrow." Brer Fox grinned. "Now you're a talking, Brer Rabbit," he said. "Why, with the money I get for my horse and cart I'll be able to buy me enough food to last all winter." Brer Rabbit smiled. "We'll put the wheelbarrow in the cart," he said "and after you've sold the horse and cart and bought your winter stores, we'll put them in the barrow—and what's more I'll take a turn in wheeling it home." Brer Fox was so pleased that he forgot that Brer Rabbit was the trickiest creature around.



4. "That sure is mighty good of you, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox. "Let's do that and I'll give you a fair share of the food I buy. Meet me here tomorrow morning and we'll set off in the cart." It didn't take Brer Fox long after reaching town to sell his horse and cart and with lots of money jingling in his pockets, he bought lots and lots of food, everything a fox could wish for the whole winter. A sack of coffee, a sack of corn, a sack of turnips and a sack of carrots. Golly, golly, but that was a load for to push in a wheelbarrow. "You take first turn at pushing, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox. "My arms are aching after carrying those heavy sacks and putting them in your wheelbarrow."





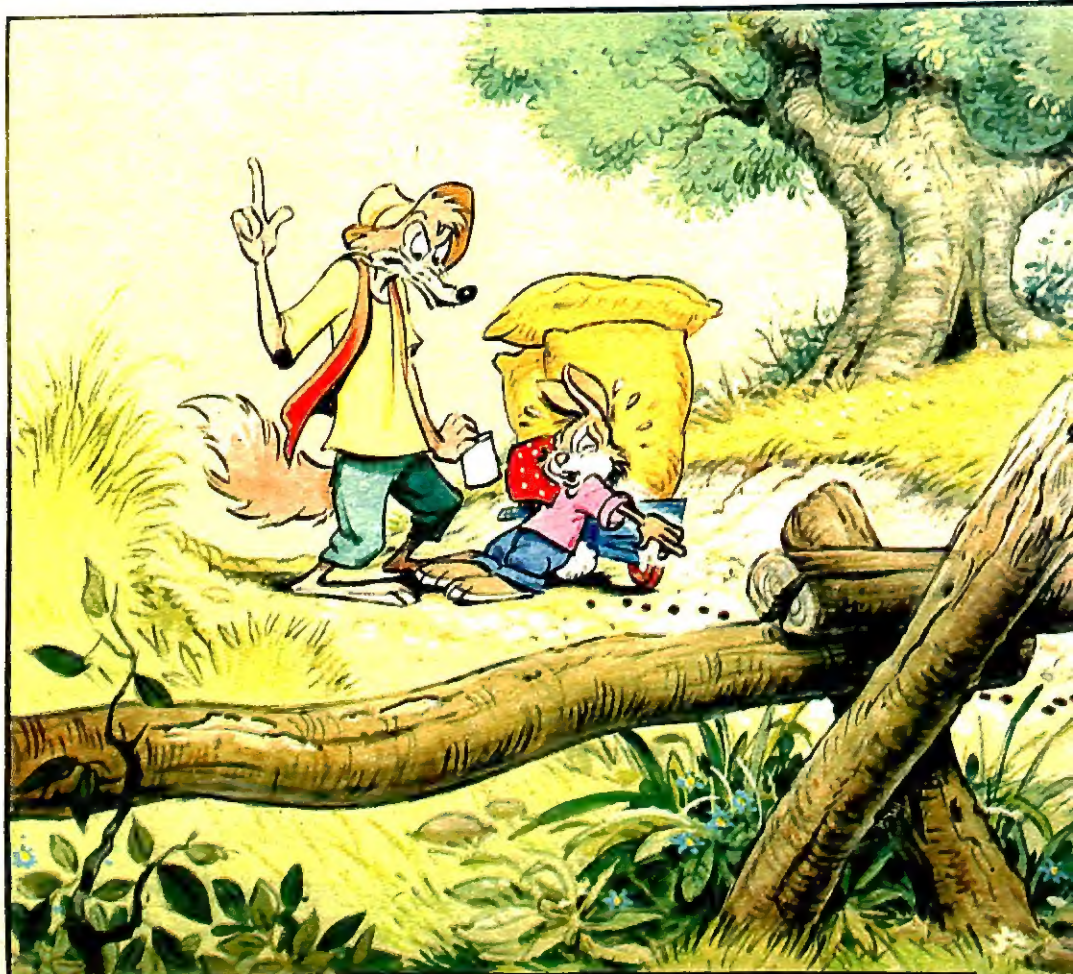
5. Brer Rabbit nodded cheerfully, but when he tried to lift the handles of the wheelbarrow, land sakes! but that was a heavy load! However, he managed to get the barrow moving and he puffed and panted his way along the road with Brer Fox walking on ahead, laughing and chuckling to himself. Brer Rabbit did his best to keep up with Brer Fox, but somehow or other that crafty old fellow just managed to keep ahead of the barrow. "Hee! Hee!" grinned Brer Fox. "Just for once I'm gettin' some of my own back on Brer Rabbit. I can be tricky too!"



6. Well, as you can guess, if you're a good guesser, pretty soon Brer Rabbit's arms were aching so much that he had to put the barrow down. "Hey there, Brer Fox," he called out. "You come along back here now. It's your turn to push." But old Brer Fox, he jest kept skipping along, like he hadn't a care in the whole troublesome world. "Brer Fox! BRER FOX!" yelled Brer Rabbit. "I sure can't push this heavy barrow all the way to your home. You just give me my share for helping you, and I'll take it and go." Brer Fox, as everyone knows, has good ears. Even if he hadn't he would have heard Brer Rabbit shouting. He turned back and then he said, said he: "All that food is mine, Brer Rabbit. I know I promised you a good share, but all you're getting is a handful of coffee. Aha! You ain't the only one who can play tricks!" Well, now it was Brer Rabbit's turn to think—and real soon his thinkery came up with something very special for Brer Fox. Yes, something very special indeed!



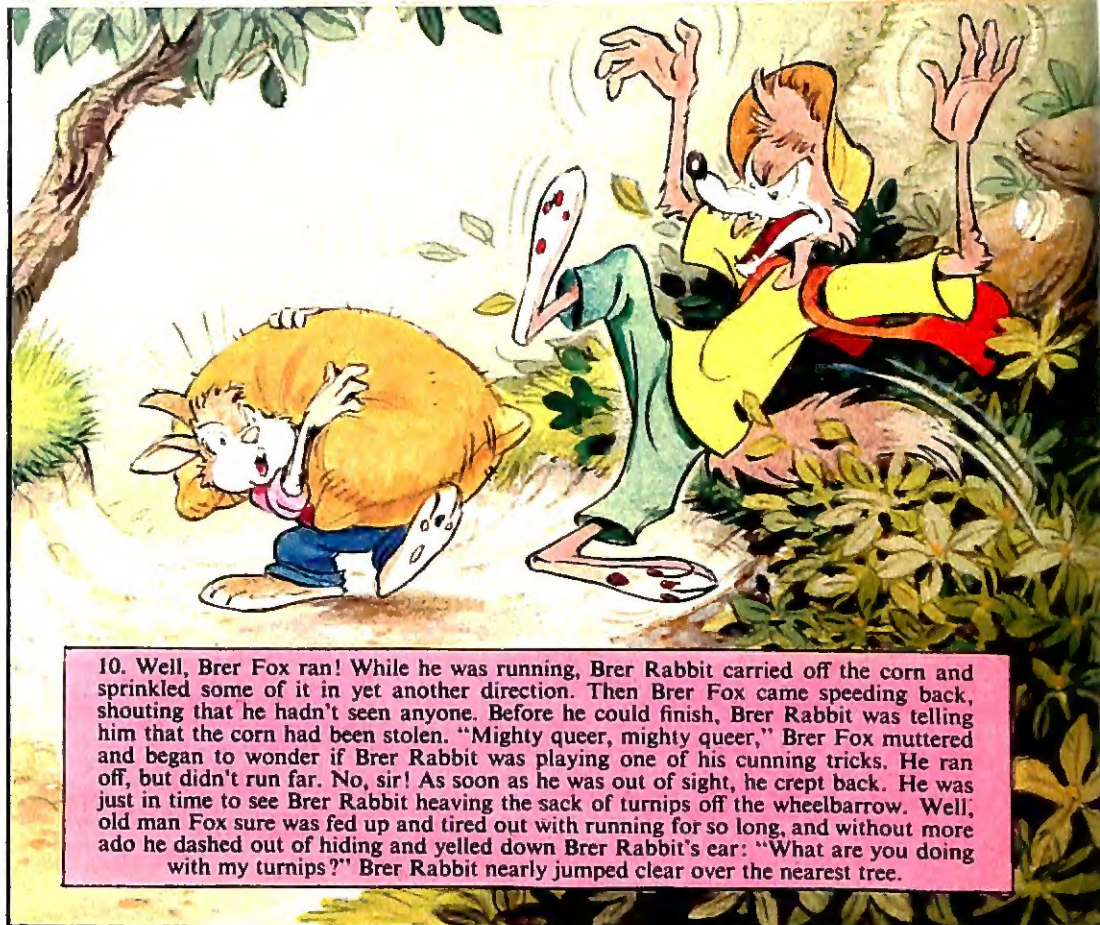
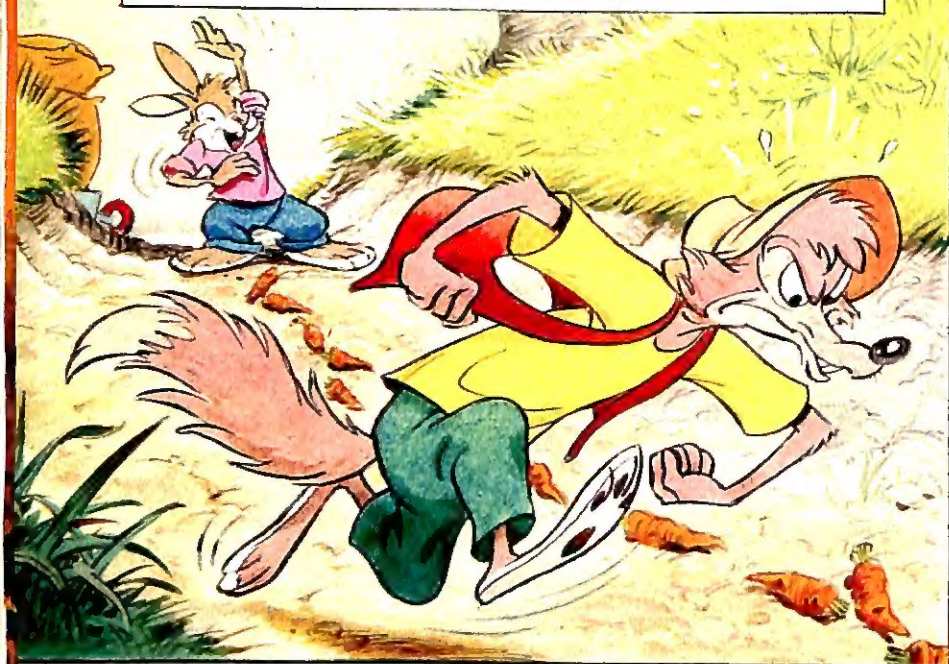
7. "All right, Brer Fox," Brer Rabbit said. "Give me my handful of coffee and I'll go. You might call on Brer Bear's house over there and ask for a paper bag to put my coffee in. I can't carry it in my paws, can I?" Brer Fox, feeling pleased at putting one over on Brer Rabbit, trotted to Brer Bear's house and asked for the smallest paper bag Brer Bear had. As soon as Brer Fox was out of sight, Brer Rabbit dragged the sack of coffee out of the barrow and hid it under a bush. Then he took a handful of coffee from the sack, went back to the barrow and set off in the opposite direction, scattering the coffee behind him as he went.



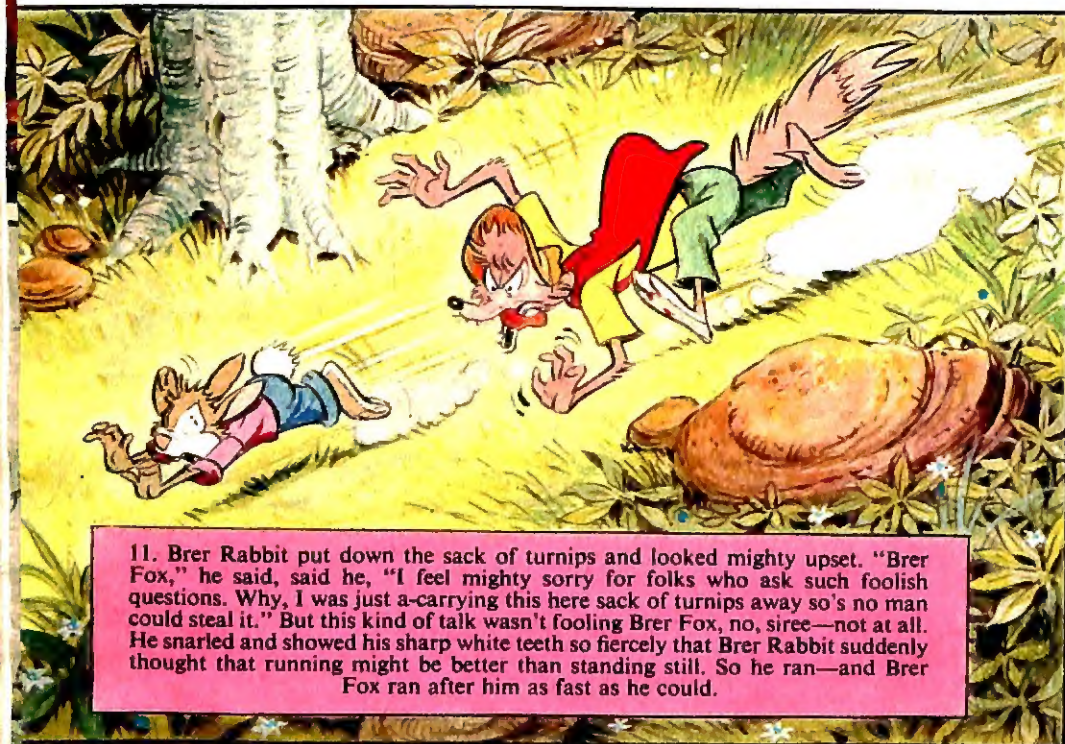
8. By and by, old man Fox came a-trotting back with a small paper bag, and mighty surprised he was to see Brer Rabbit crying his eyes out. "Well, now, Brer Rabbit, what's been a-happening to you?" he asked. Brer Rabbit wiped his face with his red-and-white spotted handkerchief. "While you were away, a man came and stole your lovely big sack of coffee," said he. "I ran after him, but he sure ran too fast for me to catch him." Brer Fox gnashed his sharp teeth. "Which way did he go, Brer Rabbit?" he wanted to know. And Brer Rabbit sobbed in answer. "That's the way," said Brer Rabbit pointing. "You can see where he dropped the coffee as he went. You can run mighty quickly, Brer Fox. You'll soon catch up with him." Brer Fox streaked off to catch the man who had, according to Brer Rabbit, stolen the coffee.



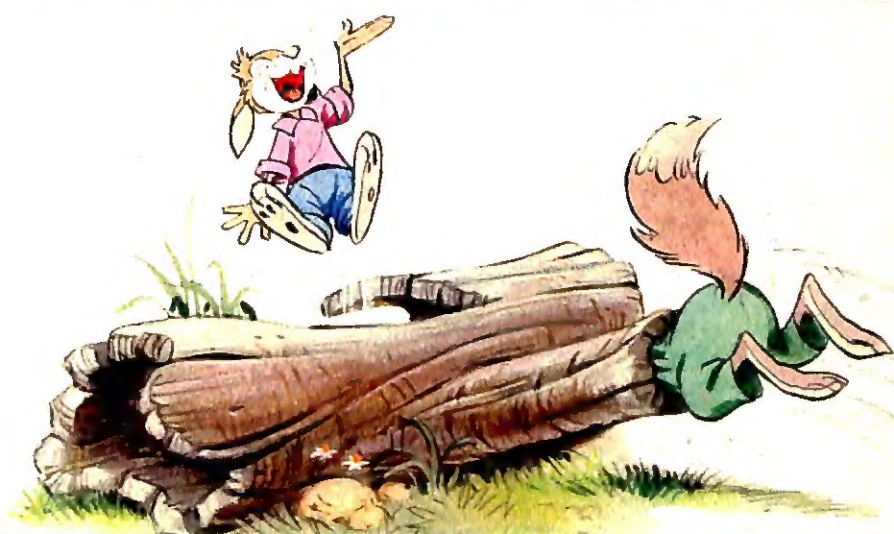
9. Scarcely was Brer Fox out of sight before Brer Rabbit dragged the sack of carrots out of the barrow and hid it under a bush, too. He took several of the carrots, went back to the wheelbarrow and set off in the other direction, dropping carrots as he ran. After a while back came Brer Fox, a-panting and a-puffing and mighty angry. He hadn't caught any man. "You haven't come back too soon," said Brer Rabbit, sobbing into his handkerchief again, "because another man just came and carried off your sack of carrots. He went that way." Off went Brer Fox once more, running like the wind.



10. Well, Brer Fox ran! While he was running, Brer Rabbit carried off the corn and sprinkled some of it in yet another direction. Then Brer Fox came speeding back, shouting that he hadn't seen anyone. Before he could finish, Brer Rabbit was telling him that the corn had been stolen. "Mighty queer, mighty queer," Brer Fox muttered and began to wonder if Brer Rabbit was playing one of his cunning tricks. He ran off, but didn't run far. No, sir! As soon as he was out of sight, he crept back. He was just in time to see Brer Rabbit heaving the sack of turnips off the wheelbarrow. Well, old man Fox sure was fed up and tired out with running for so long, and without more ado he dashed out of hiding and yelled down Brer Rabbit's ear: "What are you doing with my turnips?" Brer Rabbit nearly jumped clear over the nearest tree.



11. Brer Rabbit put down the sack of turnips and looked mighty upset. "Brer Fox," he said, said he, "I feel mighty sorry for folks who ask such foolish questions. Why, I was just a-carrying this here sack of turnips away so's no man could steal it." But this kind of talk wasn't fooling Brer Fox, no, sirc—no at all. He snarled and showed his sharp white teeth so fiercely that Brer Rabbit suddenly thought that running might be better than standing still. So he ran—and Brer Fox ran after him as fast as he could.



12. Well, Brer Rabbit ran and ran, but Brer Fox could run as fast if not faster. Matters began to look real poorly for Brer Rabbit when he suddenly saw a hollow tree trunk—and that tree trunk was like the log that he had been sitting on the day before when he had been chatting and yacking to Brer Fox. So he dived in at one end—followed by Brer Fox. But what is small enough for a rabbit isn't always small enough for a fox. So whereas Brer Rabbit easily bolted out at the other end, poor old Brer Fox became stuck—stuck good and fast!

13. Then while Brer Fox was jammed so tightly—because he couldn't go forward and he couldn't go backward—Brer Rabbit raced back to the wheelbarrow. And quicker than you could say "Jack Rabbit!" the three sacks of coffee, corn and carrots were back on the barrow with the sack of turnips and were being trundled back to Brer Rabbit's home. Luckily for Brer Rabbit, it was downhill most of the way. And, lawks-a-mussy, but didn't Brer Fox shake his fist when he passed Brer Rabbit's house the next day and smelt fried corn-cakes and fresh coffee. "And thanks to old Brer Fox, I have all my food stores for the winter," chuckled Brer Rabbit. For the rest of that winter, Brer Rabbit, you can be sure, he lay low and said nothing.







# WINNIE· the·POOH

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Pooh and Piglet go hunting  
and nearly catch a Woozle

The Piglet lived in a very grand house in the middle of a beech-tree, and the beech-tree was in the middle of the Forest, and the Piglet lived in the middle of the house. Next to his house was a piece of broken board which had: "TRESPASSERS W" on it. When Christopher Robin asked the Piglet what it meant, he said it was his grandfather's name, and had been in the family for a long time. Christopher Robin said you *couldn't* be called Trespassers W, and Piglet said yes, you could, because his grandfather was and it was short for Trespassers Will, which was short for Trespassers William. And his grandfather had had two names in case he lost one—Trespassers after an uncle, and William after Trespassers.

"I've got two names," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"Well, there you are, that proves it," said Piglet.

One fine winter's day when Piglet was brushing away the snow in front of his house, he happened to look up, and there was Winnie-the-Pooh. Pooh was walking round and round in a circle, thinking of something else, and when Piglet called to him, he just went on walking.

"Hallo!" said Piglet. "What are you doing?"

"Hunting," said Pooh.

"Hunting what?"

"Tracking something," said Winnie-the-Pooh very mysteriously.

"Tracking what?" said Piglet, coming closer.

"That's just what I ask myself. I ask myself, What?"

"What do you think you'll answer?"

"I shall have to wait until I catch up with it," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "Now, look there." He pointed to the ground in front of him. "What do you see there?"

"Tracks," said Piglet. "Paw-marks." He gave a little squeak of excitement. "Oh, Pooh! Do you think it's a—a—a Woozle?"

"It may be," said Pooh. "Sometimes it is, and sometimes it isn't. You never can tell with paw-marks."

With these few words he went on tracking,







and Piglet, after watching him for a minute or two, ran after him. Winnie-the-Pooh had come to a sudden stop, and was bending over the tracks in a puzzled sort of way.

"What's the matter?" asked Piglet.

"It's a very funny thing," said Bear, "but there seem to be *two* animals now. This—whatever-it-was—has been joined by another—whatever-it-is—and the two of them are now proceeding in company. Would you mind coming with me, Piglet, in case they turn out to be Hostile Animals?"

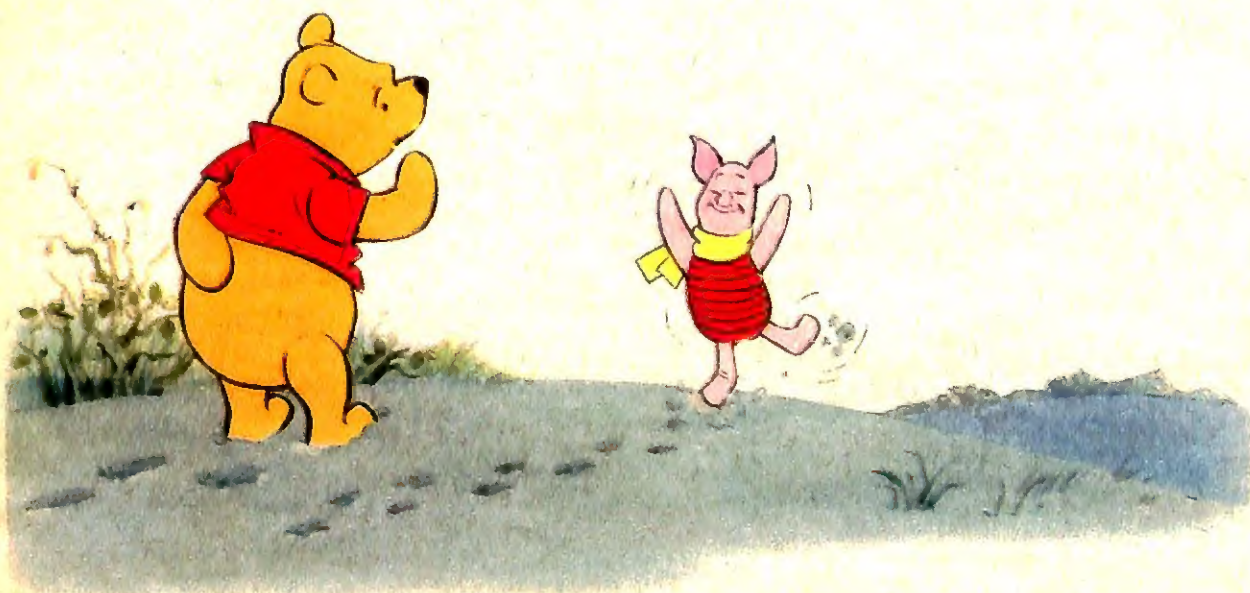
Piglet scratched his ear in a nice sort of way, and said that he had nothing to do until Friday, and would be delighted to come, in case it really *was* a Woozle.

"You mean, in case it really is two Woozles," said Winnie-the-Pooh, and

Piglet said that anyhow he had nothing to do until Friday. So off they went together.

There was a small spinney of larch trees just here, and it seemed as if the two Woozles, if that is what they were, had been going round this spinney; so Piglet passed the time by telling Pooh what his Grandfather Trespassers W had suffered in his later years from Shortness of Breath, and other matters of interest, and Pooh wondering what a Grandfather was like, and if perhaps this was Two Grandfathers they were after now, and, if so, whether he would be allowed to take one home and keep it, and what Christopher Robin would say. And still the tracks went on in front of them. . . .

Suddenly Winnie-the-Pooh stopped, and pointed excitedly in front of him. "*Look!*"



"*What?*" said Piglet, with a jump. And then, to show that he hadn't been frightened, he jumped up and down once or twice more in an exercising sort of way.


"The tracks!" said Pooh. "*A third animal has joined the other two!*"

"Pooh!" cried Piglet. "Do you think it is another Woozle?"

"No," said Pooh, "because it makes different marks. It is either Two Woozles and one, as it might be, Wizzle, or Two, as it might be, Wizzles and one, if so it is, Woozle. Let us continue to follow them."

So they went on, feeling just a little anxious now, in case the three animals in front of them were of Hostile Intent. And Piglet wished very much that his Grandfather T.W. were there, instead of elsewhere, and





Pooh thought how nice it would be if they met Christopher Robin suddenly but quite accidentally, and only because he liked Christopher Robin so much. And then, all of a sudden, Winnie-the-Pooh stopped again, and licked the tip of his nose in a cooling manner, for he was feeling more hot and anxious than ever in his life before. *There were four animals in front of them!*

"Do you see, Piglet? Look at their tracks! Three, as it were, Woozles, and one, as it was, Wizzle. *Another Woozle has joined them!*"

And so it seemed to be. There were the tracks; crossing over each other here, getting muddled up with each other there; but, quite plainly every now and then, the tracks of four sets of paws.

"I *think*," said Piglet, when he had licked the tip of his nose too, and found that it brought very little comfort, "I *think* that I have just remembered something. I have just remembered something that I forgot to do yesterday and sha'n't be able to do tomorrow. So I suppose I really ought to go back and do it now."

"We'll do it this afternoon, and I'll come with you," said Pooh.

"It isn't the sort of thing you can do in the afternoon," said Piglet quickly. "It's a very particular morning thing, that has to be done in the morning, and, if possible, between the hours of—What would you say the time was?"

"About twelve," said Winnie-the-Pooh, looking at the sun.

"Between, as I was saying, the hours of twelve and twelve five. So, really, dear old Pooh, if you'll excuse me—*What's that?*"

Pooh looked up at the sky, and then, as he heard the whistle again, he looked up into the branches of a big oak tree, and then he saw a friend of his.

"It's Christopher Robin," he said.

"Ah, then you'll be all right," said Piglet. "You'll be quite safe with *him*. Good-bye," and he trotted off home as quickly as he could, very glad to be Out of All Danger again.

Christopher Robin came slowly down his tree.

"Silly old Bear," he said, "what *were* you doing? First you went round the spinney twice by yourself, and then Piglet ran after you and you went round again together, and then you were just going round a fourth time—"

"Wait a moment," said Winnie-the-Pooh, holding up his paw.

He sat down and thought, in the most thoughtful way he could think. Then he fitted his paw into one of the Tracks . . . and then he scratched his nose twice, and stood up.

"Yes," said Winnie-the-Pooh.

"I see now," said Winnie-the-Pooh.

"I have been Foolish and Deluded," said he, "and I am a Bear of No Brain at All."

"You're the Best Bear in All the World," said Christopher Robin soothingly.

"Am I?" said Pooh hopefully. And then he brightened up suddenly.

"Anyhow," he said, "it is nearly Luncheon Time."

So he went home for it.



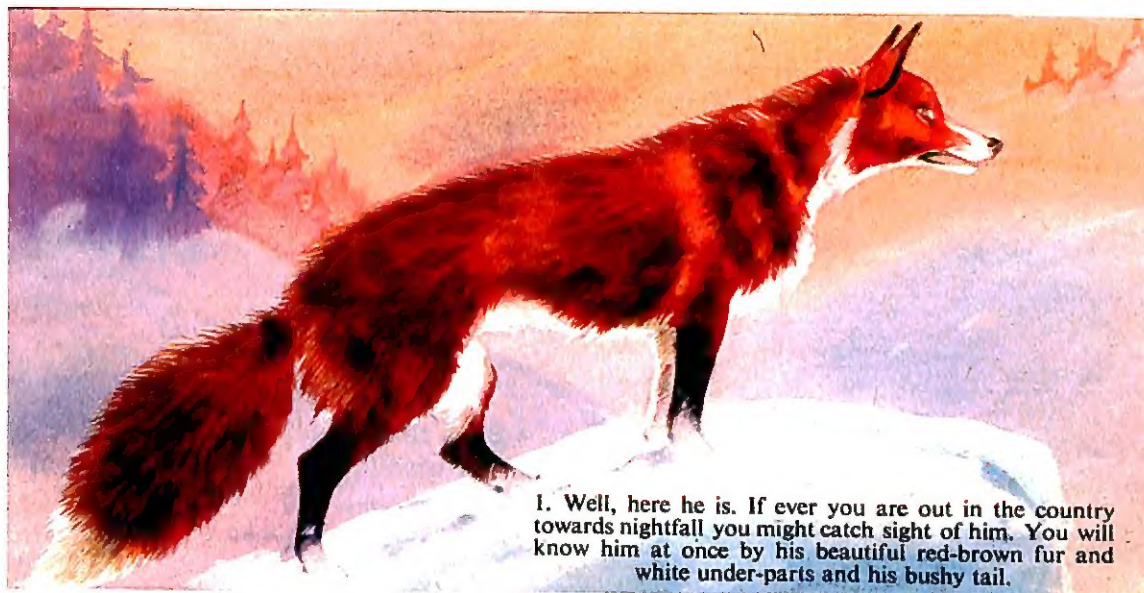


# ANIMALS

## of Our Wonderful World

This week:  
**THE FOX**

You know who this crafty fellow is, don't you? He's Brer Fox, and you are reading every week how he is trying to outwit little Brer Rabbit. This week we are telling you on these pages all about the real fox. You will then understand, if you don't already, what a very cunning animal he actually is. If Brer Rabbit is to continue out-foxing Brer Fox, he will have to keep on getting up very early in the morning.



1. Well, here he is. If ever you are out in the country towards nightfall you might catch sight of him. You will know him at once by his beautiful red-brown fur and white under-parts and his bushy tail.

2. The fox is a real ancient Briton, for he was roaming our countryside thousands and thousands of years ago when the elephant we know today was still a mammoth.



3. The fox spends the night hunting. During the day he stays in what is called his "earth". This is a burrow underground. But the fox rarely digs his home himself. He usually steals it from a badger or a family of rabbits.



4. Once a fox has made a badger's burrow his home, the badger will never return, for the fox leaves a strong smell in the burrow. It is a smell that is mighty offensive to Brock the Badger, and it is he who has to go off and find another home elsewhere.



5. In the case of the rabbit-burrow, however, the fox takes over his new home by eating up all the rabbits who live there. Now the fox, being the wily chap that he is, knows that if he makes straight for the rabbits they will bolt for their hole. So sometimes, at a safe distance, he will roll about to attract their attention.





6. Then like a kitten he will start to chase his own tail, while the rabbits, entranced by this strange performance, gaze spellbound. They simply cannot make out what is going on . . . and no wonder! Round and round goes the fox, pretending to try to catch his tail and all the while moving closer and closer to the rabbits. Then suddenly, when he is close enough he pounces and woof! it's rabbit for dinner!



7. As soon as a fox has made a burrow his own, he will stop up all the exits except one. He makes sure that this one exit opens into a bramble thicket or among dense bushes, so that he is unlikely to be seen when he comes out in the early evening to search for food.



8. What does he like eating? Well, rabbit of course, but he also likes hare, pheasant, partridge, hedgehog, squirrel, frog and vole. He has a special liking too for poultry, and during the night he will prowl around farms, hoping to find a hen-roost with a door that is easy to open.



9. The fox lives a lonely life. Only in the breeding season is he seen with a mate. Aided by the vixen (as the she-fox is called) the fox is able to attack a mountain sheep for food. Together they will creep over the fields, then slink noiselessly through the tall grass towards their unsuspecting victim. A fox and his mate will also attack cows and their young.



10. In springtime, about April, the young whelps (baby foxes) are born. A vixen usually has three or four whelps. They are blind for ten days after their birth. They are nearly a month old when their mother takes them out for the first time for exercise.



11. If during this first outing, the young foxes find suitable cover in forest or moor, they may not return to their home. But their mother stays with them and teaches them how to hunt for food until the autumn. When the cubs can take care of themselves, the family separates. A fox is not fully grown until it is a year old.

Next week the March Hare from "Alice in Wonderland" will tell you about the hare.



# THE TALES OF **Mother Goose**



"I give you good-day, dear reader. I am your friend Mother Goose and I'm here again to tell you another of my exciting stories. This week it is all about seven brothers named Simon. It is a long story and I will finish it next week."

1. Far, far away beyond all the countries, seas and rivers, there once stood a splendid city where lived Duke Richard the Magnificent. He was as good as he was handsome and his mighty army was made up of men ready to obey his slightest wish. He owned forty times forty cities and in each city he had ten palaces with silver doors, golden roofs and crystal windows. His best friends were the twelve wisest men in the country. Now the Duke had everything to make him happy but he did not enjoy anything because he could not find a suitable bride.



2. One morning as the Duke sat in his palace looking out to sea, a huge ship entered the harbour and several seamen came ashore. The Duke watched them and thought "Those people have travelled the world. They have visited many lands. I will ask them if they know of a maiden who is as rich and as clever and as handsome as I am." So he ordered the seamen to be brought to him and asked them if they had ever seen or heard of the daughter of a Duke or a King or an Emperor who would be worthy to be his wife and the Duchess of his country, for his twelve wise men knew of no one.

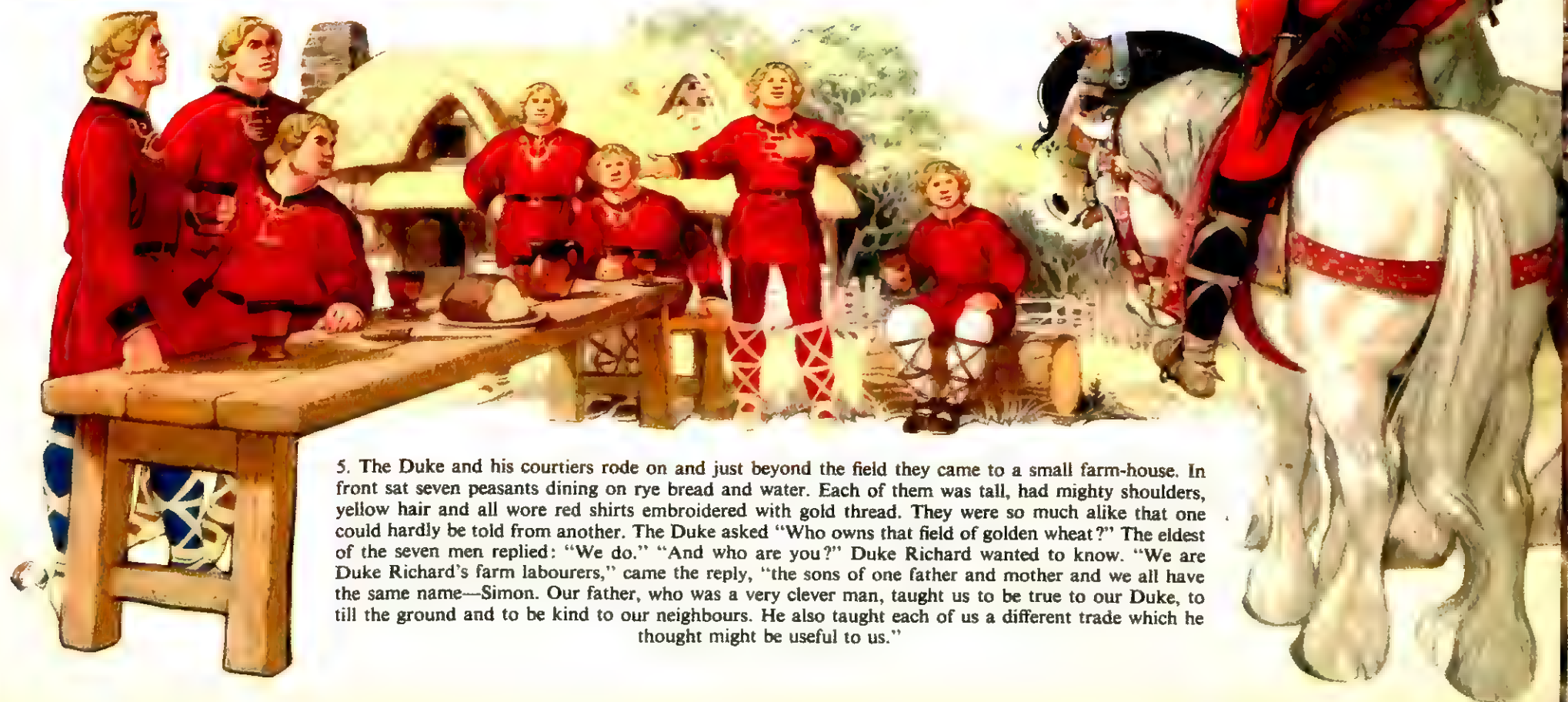
The seamen talked to each other and then one stepped forth and said "Across many oceans is the Island of Buridan. It is ruled over by a rich and powerful King whose daughter, the Princess Elena, is the most beautiful girl in the world. She is so clever that she can outwit the cleverest magician who ever lived."



3. "This Island of Buridan. Is it far away?" asked Duke Richard the Magnificent. "It is a ten year voyage," replied one of the seamen stepping forward, "and so the princess is no bride for you. If you send one of your courtiers to offer your hand in marriage and she accepts, twenty years will have passed by the time she arrives here. In all that time will not the princess have lost her beauty?" The Duke thought this over and then, of course, had to agree with the seaman. So, thanking him and his comrades, he sent them on their way. He gave the whole matter much thought for a long time after they had gone. He felt very disappointed and decided to ride into the country and hunt to try to regain his usual good humour. So he called to his courtiers and huntsmen and set out.



4. It was late afternoon when Duke Richard and his followers came to a great field of wheat which stretched as far as the eye could see. The yellow grain swayed to and fro in the gentle breeze like a rippling sea of gold. "By my sword," said the Duke admiringly, "the men who dug and planted this ocean of wheat must be good workmen indeed. If all the fields in my duchy were as well cared for as this, there would be more bread than my people could eat. Let us find out who farms this well kept land."



5. The Duke and his courtiers rode on and just beyond the field they came to a small farm-house. In front sat seven peasants dining on rye bread and water. Each of them was tall, had mighty shoulders, yellow hair and all wore red shirts embroidered with gold thread. They were so much alike that one could hardly be told from another. The Duke asked "Who owns that field of golden wheat?" The eldest of the seven men replied: "We do." "And who are you?" Duke Richard wanted to know. "We are Duke Richard's farm labourers," came the reply, "the sons of one father and mother and we all have the same name—Simon. Our father, who was a very clever man, taught us to be true to our Duke, to till the ground and to be kind to our neighbours. He also taught each of us a different trade which he thought might be useful to us."





6. Duke Richard was pleased with the peasant's words and dismounting, told the brothers he was their Duke. "You have done well, my friends," he smiled, "and have a golden harvest. But I should like each of you to tell me what special trade your father taught you." "My trade, O Duke," said the first (and eldest) Simon, "is an easy one. If you give me some workmen and materials, I will build you a tower that shall reach far above the clouds."

7. "Very good," said the Duke. "And you, Simon the second, what is the very special trade your father taught you?"

Simon the second stepped forward. "Mine, your grace, needs no great cleverness. When my brother has built the tower I can mount it and from the top, far above the clouds, I can hear and see what is happening in every country under the sun—for I have the most wonderful hearing and eyesight."



8. "Good," nodded Duke Richard. "And Simon the third?" "My work is very simple, sir. You have many splendid ships built by clever ship-builders. I can add to your fleet a new type of ship, small and plain—one, two, three and it's done! My little ship may not look grand enough for a Duke, but where other ships take a year to make a voyage, mine will take less than a day, and where they would require ten years, mine will sail the distance in a week."



9. "Never in my life have I ever heard anything like this," said the Duke, looking at the brothers with great admiration. "And what has Simon the fourth learned?"

"My trade," replied the fourth Simon, "is really of no importance, Your Grace. Should my brother build you a ship, then let me sail in her. If you should be chased by an enemy, I can seize our ship by the prow and sink it to the bottom of the sea. When the enemy has sailed away, I can raise it to the surface again."



10. "Very clever," said Duke Richard the Magnificent. "Now what does Simon the fifth do?" Simon stood up and poised as if to shoot an arrow. "My work, O Duke, is not difficult. I can make you a long-bow from which neither the eagle in the sky nor the greatest wild beast in the forest is safe. I cannot fail to hit my target. The arrow strikes whatever your eye sees."



11. "Marvellous!" said the Duke. "But what of Simon the sixth? Tell me your trade." "Sir, it is so simple I am almost ashamed to mention it. If my brother shoots an eagle with his bow, I can catch it in mid-air quicker than lightning. If it falls into the water, I can pluck it out of the greatest depths. If it is in a dark forest, I can find it even at midnight." Then Duke Richard looked at the seventh Simon. "Alas, your grace," said the seventh Simon, "I have no trade—at least, not what might properly be called a trade. It is a sort of performance, and one that would not please you." Duke Richard snapped his fingers impatiently. "Come, no excuses," said he. "I order you to tell me what I want to know." Simon the seventh shrugged his shoulders. "I can do only one thing really well," he said. "I can steal so well that not the deepest dungeon, even if its lock were enchanted, could prevent my taking out of it anything that I wished to have." Duke Richard, who hated thieves and always punished them severely, was so angry when he heard this that he gave orders at once for Simon the seventh to be arrested and imprisoned, never to be released.





12. As Simon the seventh was dragged away, Duke Richard spoke to his brothers. "Do not attempt to protect him, or it will be the worse for you," he rapped out. "Now follow me to my palace, all of you." Quietly the six Simons obeyed their Duke. Next day Duke Richard gave the first Simon carpenters, stone-masons, blacksmiths and labourers with vast amounts of iron and wood and stone and mortar. "Build me a tower that will reach the clouds," ordered the Duke. Within a week the tower had been built.



13. Never in his life had the mighty Duke seen such a high tower and a gasp of wonderment escaped his lips. The six Simons smiled at each other. Then Duke Richard ordered the second Simon to mount the tower and tell him what was happening on the far-distant Island of Buridan. So Simon the second swiftly climbed the tower and looked down on this great world of ours.

14. He saw famine in one country, food and plenty in another, floods in another and on the tiny Island of Buridan the king, with his daughter beside him, declaring that no Duke, Prince or King was good enough for the lovely princess; that he would give her to none, and that if any ruler asked for her hand he would declare war against him for his insolence and destroy his country.



15. All this the second Simon told the Duke when he came down from the tower. "Has the King of Buridan a great army?" asked Duke Richard. "And how far is his island?" "So far as I could judge, Your Grace," said Simon, "it is a ten year journey. The King's army numbers about a hundred thousand knights, a hundred thousand men-at-arms and fifty thousand bowmen." The Duke frowned. "Nevertheless," he said. "I have made up my mind to marry the Princess Elena—but how?" Then the first Simon stepped forward. "Release our youngest brother from prison," said he, "and I and my brothers will grant your wish. Refuse—and you will *never* marry the Princess." Well, now, what happened next? You will find out next week.



# MICKY AND THE BEANSTALK

Three poor farmers named Mickey, Goofy and Donald climbed a towering magic beanstalk and found themselves way above the clouds in Giantland. Searching for food, they came to a great castle, and food they found—food galore! They had just finished eating and were playing hide-and-seek amongst the giant cups and saucers when the giant who owned the castle came home. He soon discovered Mickey.



1. The reason why it did not take Willie the Giant long to find Mickey was because Mickey had hidden himself in a sandwich that the giant was just about to eat. It was a narrow escape for Mickey when the giant took a big bite out of the sandwich. His sharp teeth nearly bit Mickey's head off, so Mickey thought he'd better make himself known. "Gug-good afternoon, Mr. Giant," he gulped. Willie was very astonished. He winkled Mickey out of the sandwich and put him down on the table before him. "Hey, Tiny," he bellowed, and the walls of the castle shook because he bellowed so loud. "What are you doing here?"

Mickey gulped again. "That's a good question, Mr. Giant," said he.

Willie nodded his huge shaggy red head. "I know it is," he agreed, "so how about coming up with a good answer?" But Mickey didn't have a good answer. He could hardly say "Well, I and my two friends have just finished eating your food without permission" could he?

That would have made the giant very cross. So Mickey took to his heels and ran as fast as his legs would carry him. But where could he go?

At the edge of the table, he stopped. "Gadzooks, what a long way down to the floor," he said.

Willie reached out a hand the size of an elephant.

2. He grabbed Mickey and put him down before him. "Why did you run away?" boomed Willie. "We were having *such* a nice conversation. Now where were we?"

For answer there came a loud sneeze. "Ahhh-QUACK-tishOOOO!" That QUACK in the middle of *Ahhh-tishOOOO* told Mickey that it was Donald who was sneezing. Donald had hidden himself under a lettuce leaf.

Willie the Giant looked very surprised. "Some very strange things are happening today," he thundered. "That's the first time I have ever heard a lettuce leaf sneeze!" Rather timidly he picked up the leaf—and there was Donald, trembling from head to foot.

"Ho! Ho! Another midget!" bawled Willie. Then he lowered his head and pushed his nose into Mickey's face. It wasn't a very polite thing to do, especially as Willie's nose was as big as a dust-bin. "What's going on here, Squib?" shouted Willie.

Mickey, not knowing quite what to do or say, raised his hat. "Allow me to introduce you to my friend Donald," he murmured.

Willie glared: "Any more of your friends around?" he wanted to know.

A voice answered: "If you're looking for me, sir, please don't do it, 'cos I'm not a friend, I'm only the cruet!"

Willie looked suspicious. "So first we have a talking lettuce leaf and now we have a talking cruet," he rasped.







3. That voice speaking in rhyme belonged to Goofy of course, who had hidden himself behind the pepper and salt pots.

Willie soon had Goofy standing with Mickey and Donald. "Well, well," grinned the giant, looking down at the three poor farmers. "I think you've lost your way, don't you?"

Mickey smiled rather nervously. "Er, y-yes, I th-think so, too, sir," he replied.

"Good," roared the giant, but now he was no longer grinning. "Well, maybe I can help you find your way again," and with these words he stood up. He unlocked a box on a high shelf and taking out of it a small golden harp, he threw Mickey and Donald and Goofy into the box instead. "When you've all found your way out of there, you let me know," shouted Willie and he slammed down the lid, and quickly turned the key.

But he was not quite quick enough, for although Goofy and Donald were still in the box, Mickey was not. He had clambered out just a split second before the giant clamped down the lid.

Willie sat down again at the table and putting the little golden harp before him, said: "Now, magic singing harp, sing me to sleep."

At once, the beautiful golden-haired lady who formed the figure-head of the harp began to sing dreamily. It wasn't very long before Willie's eyes began to droop, then he drifted to sleep.

4. Meanwhile, Mickey, who had been hiding behind the locked box, crept out and peered down at the singing harp. His eyes were bright with excitement. "Why, that's the harp that belongs to all the folk living in Happy Valley," he said to himself. "When it was stolen from us, all our happiness went away. All our crops, the trees and flowers withered away and died. The river dried up and disappeared, and there has been hunger and misery everywhere ever since. Willie the Giant must have stolen it. We owe all our hardship and unhappiness to him!"

Then Mickey heard someone hiss: "Phsssst!"

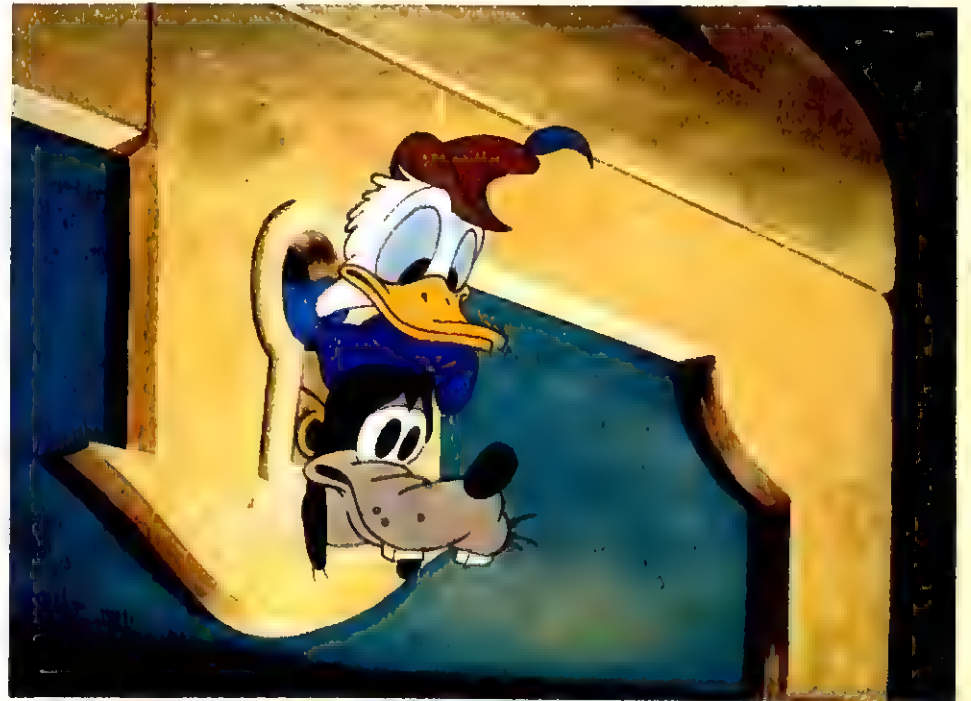
He looked about him. Then: "Hey, ph-QUACK-sssst!" The hissing came from above his head.

He looked up and saw that Donald and Goofy had stuck their heads through the key-hole of their box prison.

"Although we've lost our way it's clear, we'll never find it locked in here," Goofy whispered, and then continued: "It's very hot and stuffy, too. Release us please, dear Mickey, do."

Mickey nodded. "I'll do my best," he whispered back. "But first I must get hold of the key, and that's not going to be an easy thing to do because I don't know where it is, and when I find it, it may be too big for me to carry."

"Oh, dear," wailed Donald. "Now we'll never return to Happy Valley! Goofy and I will have to stay in this box for ever!"



5. "I'm beginning to wish we'd never climbed the beanstalk," said Mickey.

But help was at hand, help from where they least expected it. "Hallo, Mickey, Donald and Goofy," came the gentle voice of the Magic Harp. "You were always my three best friends, and I will help you now all I can. Do not despair, for I can tell you where the key is. The giant is holding it in his great fist. I saw him pick it up."

Mickey smiled. "Thank you, Magic Harp," said he.

And Goofy chuckled: "As soon as we are free, my dear, be sure we'll have you out of here."

"And on your way back to Happy Valley, where you can once again enchant us with your magical wonder," went on Mickey.

"All right, all right," chimed in Donald testily. "Seems to me somebody's counting chickens before they're hatched. Will somebody please tell me what happens next? How are we going to get the key out of the giant's hand without awakening him?"

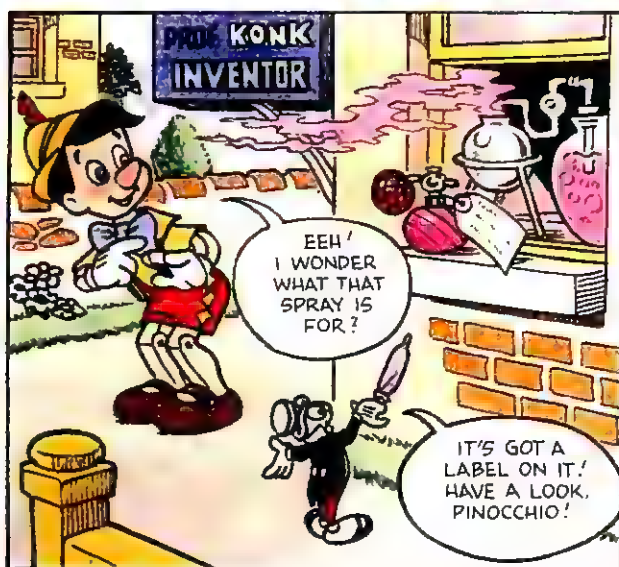
Mickey looked about him. A few inches away was a knitting basket containing some balls of wool, and close to the basket a big reel of stout thread. Then Mickey had a bright idea.

**Can Mickey save his chums and if so, how? You will find out next week.**





# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



Inside a window Pino saw  
Some gadgets he'd not seen before.  
A spray especially took his eye—  
He felt he'd like its powers to try.



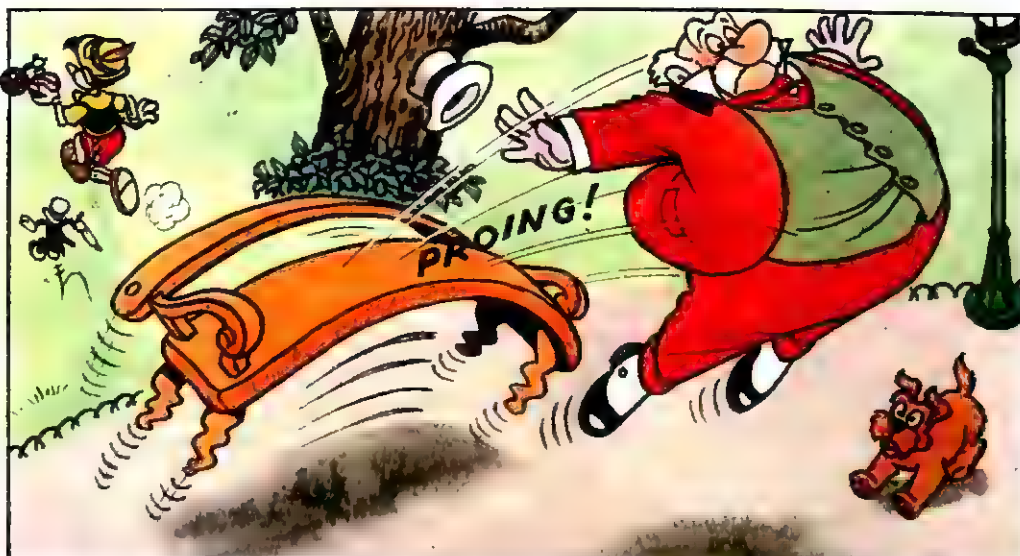
It looked a spray for spraying scent,  
But no—for scent it wasn't meant  
For on the label Pino read:  
"THINGS TURN TO RUBBER!" So it said!



The liquid in the sprayer could  
Turn anything—stone, metal, wood—  
To rubber of the finest grade,  
Without the slightest outside aid.

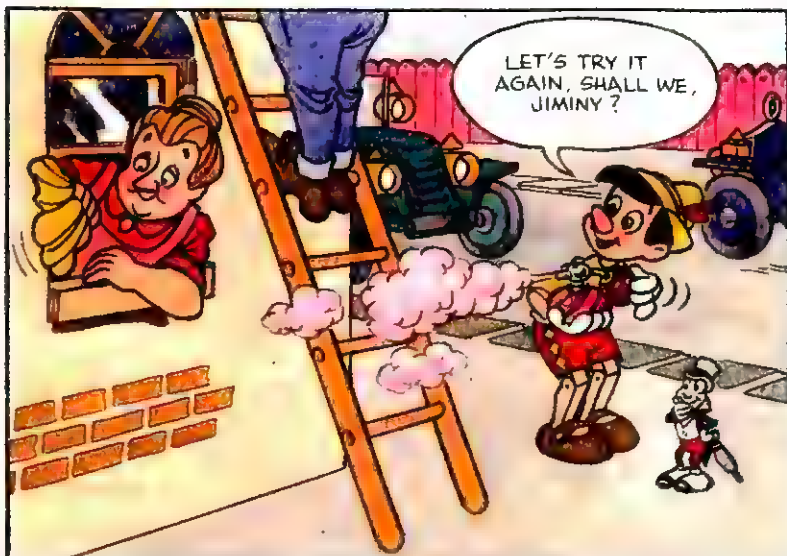


Cried Pino walking in the park,  
"I'll spray that park seat for a lark.  
I don't suppose that man will mind,  
'Twill be much softer, he will find!"

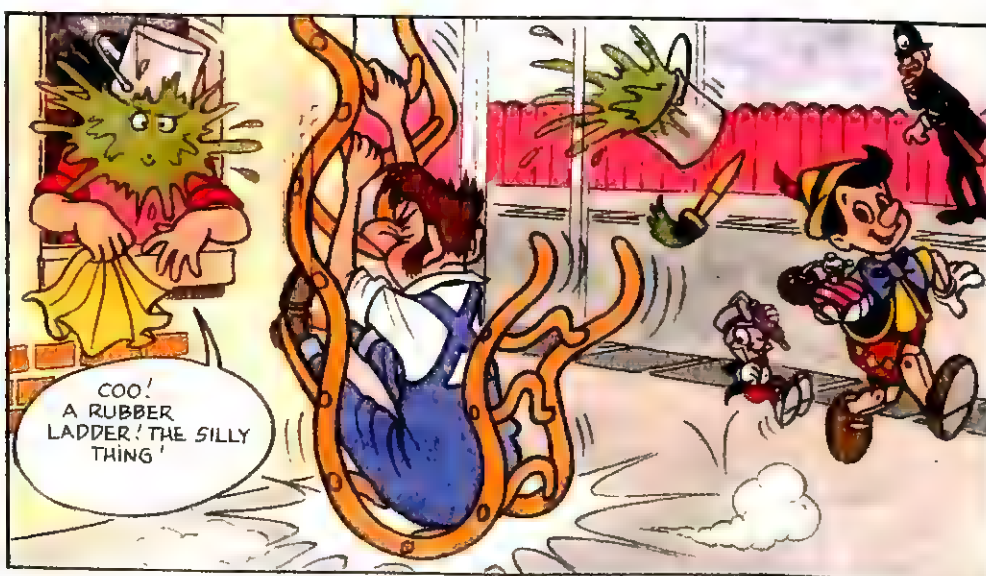


The seat went soft and sagged, then—TWANG!  
Up like a spring it strongly sprang.  
KA-PROING! The chap flew through the air  
And landed no one knows just where.

The poor old chap, right to this day,  
Can't think what made him fly that way.  
He'd never flown like that before,  
Said he: "What's more, I want no more!"



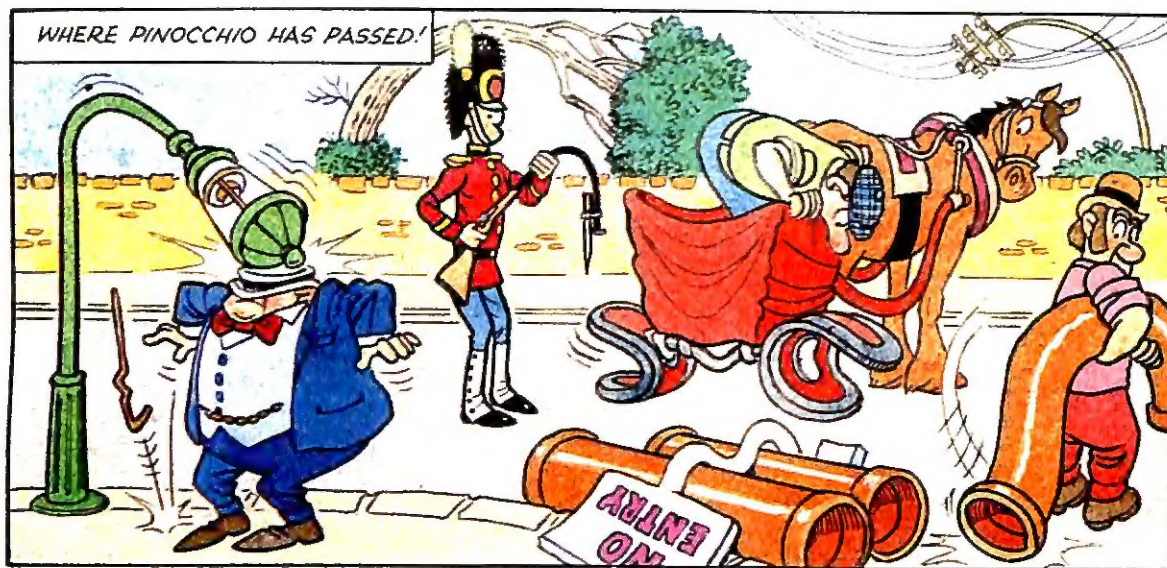
Said Pino: "Now to have a try  
To find more things to rubber-fy!  
This ladder might provide much fun,  
I'll spray it with my small spray-gun!"



That rubber ladder proved a "flop."  
For downwardness it would not stop.  
A painter-man way up on high  
Fell down, while tins of paint did fly.

Said Pino: "Lots of funny things I've seen,  
But now I've seen someone turn green!  
I think I'll just go on my way  
And take with me this magic spray!"





WHERE PINOCCHIO HAS PASSED!

So on his twangy way he went  
And everywhere sprayed rubber scent.  
A lamp-post bent and fell down—SPLAT!  
And tapped a chap right on his hat.

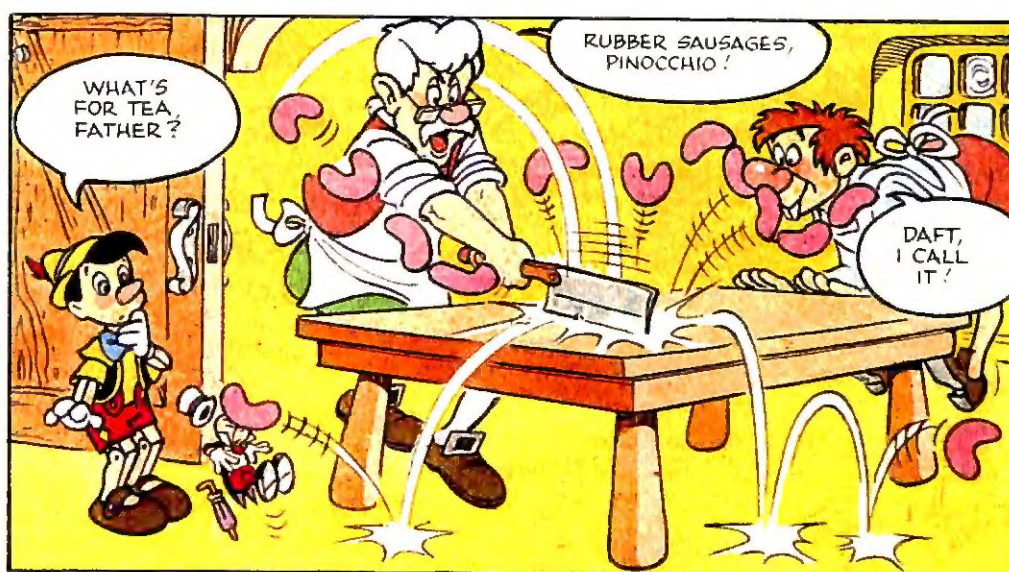
A soldier's rifle sadly sagged,  
A tree its leafy branches wagged,  
Then toppled over—what a laugh!  
A carter's cart then bent in half!



Pinocchio lay down to wait  
With Jiminy, his little mate,  
When came in sight a lad named Ted  
With sausages upon his head.



Pinocchio, laughing loud with glee,  
Then thought how funny it would be  
To get to work with wonder spray  
And spray those sosses on the tray.



It seemed as though the rubbery fun  
That day was very nearly done,  
For it was time for tea and bun  
And homeward Pino then did run.

Imagine his astonishment  
When into kitchen Pino went  
And heard a funny pinging sound  
'Twas bangers bouncing round and round.

## BALOO'S Riddles

Dear Readers,

As you all know, I live in the jungle with Mowgli and a lot of other jungle friends, and I'm here this week to greet you with some riddles that we jungle folk enjoy.

What goes off without moving? *An alarm clock.*

Why is a tree like a book? *Because it has many leaves.*

What takes money but never spends it? *A money box.*

What can I go for and never bring back? *A walk in the jungle.*

I hope Mowgli and his elephant and I are now swinging from your aeroplane mobile.  
See you all again soon.

Your bear friend,  
Baloo.

### MORE FREE FIGURES For your aeroplane mobile

Your free figures this week complete the mobile. You have Lady and The Tramp who should sit one on each of the wings, Baloo who hangs from the undercarriage between the tail and the main wings, and Mowgli and baby elephant who hang from the undercarriage just behind the propeller.

We all hope you have lots of fun with your mobile now that it is complete.





# The Sword in the Stone



WART could scarcely believe his good luck! A few seconds ago, he had been tumbling helplessly down from the top of a tall tree and waiting for the awful bump he felt sure would come when he hit the ground. Instead, however, he had fallen right through the open roof of a little cottage and landed safely in a chair beside a table laden with good things to eat!

"Hallo, young fellow-my-lad. I'm so glad you dropped in!" smiled the funny little man who was seated at the other side of the table. "As a matter of fact, I've been expecting you."

At first, Wart could only gaze in open-mouthed astonishment at the man. He certainly was a most surprising sight with his flowing white beard, his pointed hat and his long, blue robe. But Wart soon remembered his manners and stopped staring.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I *do* hope I didn't startle you," he said hastily. "You see, I was just . . ." Then he stopped and a puzzled look came over his face. "*Expecting* me?" he asked in surprise. "But how did you

know I would be dropping in on you?"

A twinkle appeared in the old man's eyes. "Why, I know *everything*, Wart!" he said with a smile. "There! You see? You didn't even need to tell me your name! That is because I'm a wizard, and we wizards know



everything there is to know. I'm Merlin, I am," and Wart gasped. He had heard that Merlin was the most wonderful magician who had ever lived.

Merlin gave a little cough before he went on: "Yes, I don't want to boast about it, of course, but I also know everything that is going to happen, long before it actually happens. That's how I knew you'd be

looking in on me as you did today!"

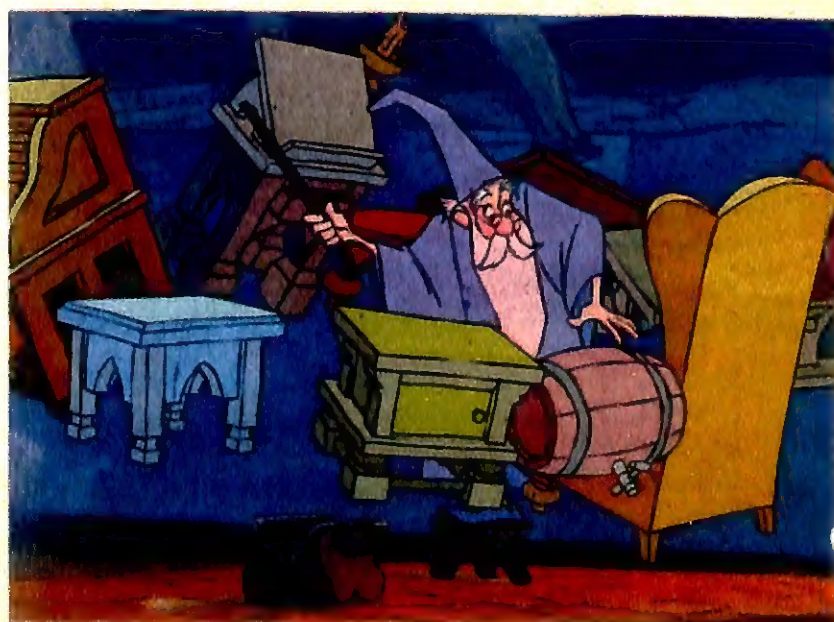
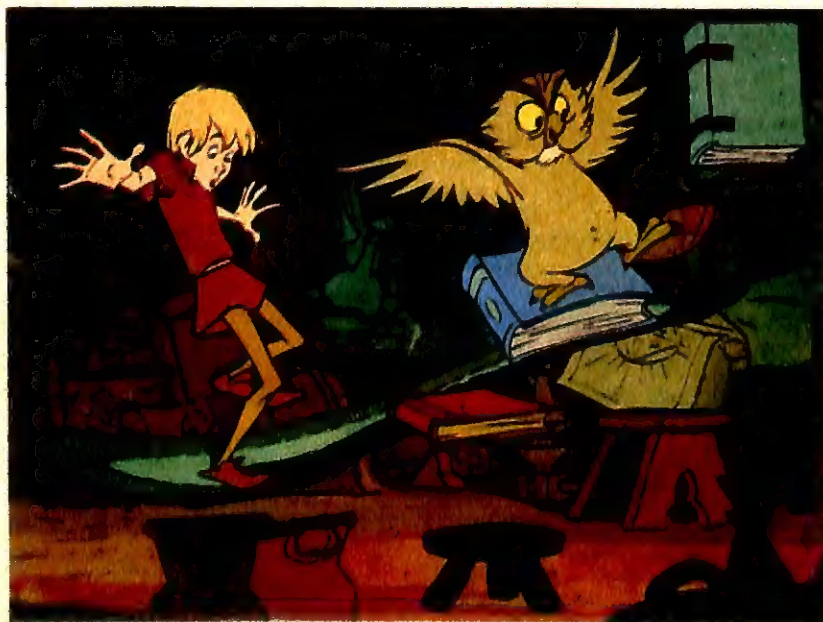
Then Merlin chuckled. "I can do other things as well," said he. "Watch this!" and he waved his hands and said something that sounded like "*A flying mat—what think you of that?*" Suddenly Wart felt the mat he was standing on rise and fly backwards and forwards across the room. Then quietly it sank to the ground again.

Wart pinched himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He'd never come across anything like this before.

Through his mind flashed the strange happenings that had led up to this meeting with the wonderful wizard Merlin . . . the trip into the greenwood with his big bully of a stepbrother, Kay . . . the long trudge through the tangled undergrowth as he searched for an arrow that Kay had lost . . . the finding of the arrow, which had landed high up a tree . . . and finally, the fall from the tree into the wizard's cottage.

\* \* \*

All this took place a long, long time ago, in the days when the people of Britain

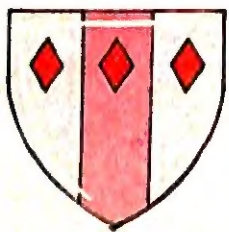






could not make up their minds who should be their new king.

There had suddenly appeared, as if by magic, a huge stone on top of which stood a mighty anvil, and thrust through the anvil and into the stone was a sword with a



message written on the handle.

*Who pulleth out this sword of  
this stone and anvil is rightwise  
King born of Britain*

it said.

Well, many men had tried to pull the sword out of the stone, but none had succeeded. And as time went by, everyone forgot about the sword in the stone and it became overgrown with weeds and briars.

One of the knights who lived in those far-off days was called Sir Ector, and Wart was his adopted son. Wart's *real* name was Arthur, and he had been given his nickname by Sir Ector's own son, none other than the big bullying Kay. The boy Arthur

had first been called "Art" for short, then "Wart" by Kay because in those days "Wart" rhymed with "Art".

Kay took great delight in ordering Wart around like a servant and now, as Wart sat in the wizard's cottage, he suddenly thought how *angry* Kay would be that he hadn't taken his arrow back to him.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Wart. "It's been very nice meeting you, Mister Merlin, but I really must be getting back home!"

"Don't worry," chuckled Merlin. "We'll just have a bite to eat, then I'll take you home and explain to Sir Ector where you have been."

So Wart tucked into as tasty a tea as he had had for many a day. Then the wizard said he would pack his belongings into a bag before they set out.

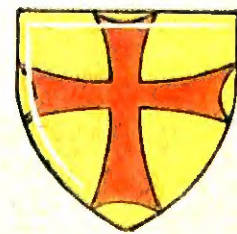
Well! What happened next gave Wart the surprise of his life! As the wizard waved his wand and muttered a magic spell, everything movable in the cottage—chairs, desks, tables, barrels—all began to fly into the wizard's bag.

As soon as Wart had got over his surprise, off they went, with Merlin's pet owl flying above them.

As Wart trotted along in the wizard's footsteps, he couldn't help thinking what an exciting day this had turned out to be. The most exciting part of all, however, was still to come!

You see, there was a fierce wolf roaming around that part of the countryside, and before either Merlin or his young companion knew what was happening, that hungry wolf was hot on their heels!

Luckily, there was a wide, deep ravine



not far ahead of them, and the wise old wizard led Wart towards it.

"Jump, young 'un! *Jump!*" yelled Merlin, and he and the boy soared safely across to the other side of the ravine. As for the wolf, he wasn't so lucky. He was so keen to catch up with Wart that he didn't notice the ravine. He ran straight over the edge and would have crashed to the ground hundreds of feet below had he not fallen on to some tree roots which broke his fall.

Very happily, Wart went homewards with his new friend the wizard—a friend with whom he was to share many exciting times in the days that lay ahead.

Next week: Magic moments in the Castle.





# THE Walrus AND the Carpenter

